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# The Truth About Death

**dystopia** **horror**

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## Chapter 1 by Cordell

The best and worst thing about my job is that I lie to people. It's the best because I'm so good at it, I've been conning people since I was little and have lied and cheated my way to fame with ease. It's the worst because truthfully I don't like lying to people. I don't enjoy deceiving others especially about something so delicate but I always found lying to be such an easy thing to do and now I've grown old and have made a career out of it, it's all I can do. I was quickly recognised as the best in my field and I've been doing it so long, it's all I know. I suppose you're curios, so it's time to spill. I'm a psychic medium. That's right, I communicate with the deceased, often sending and receiving messages for their still living loved ones.

I don't.

Like I said, I'm a liar. I lie for my job. I tell people that I can talk to the dead, I'll do some made-up witchy, voo-doo stuff and then I'll tell them that their mother is watching over them or that they shouldn't blame themselves.

Bla, bla, bla.

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